



PLEIADES

PN

6161

P67



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

P R O E M

WITHIN the portals of this
book abound,
Woven with beaten gold, the
thoughts profound,
That stir the soul to ecstasy and
bring
The Poet's flights of fancy on the
wing
To falter at thy feet. Here may
they reach
The silent chambers of thy heart,
and teach
That this, our only mission, is
to send
To thee a heart-throb, Comrade,
Brother, Friend!

G. Warren Landon.



LEIADES



CLUB



EAR



ook



ELEMENT

THIS · EDITION · DE · LUXE · IS · LIMITED

TO · SIX · HUNDRED · COPIES

OF · WHICH · THIS · IS

No. 38

Published in the Year
Sixteen of the
Pleiades



Copyright 1910 by the
Pleiades Club,
N. Y.



C o n t r i b u t o r s

Almee Greene-Abbott
Robert S. Ameht
E. M. Ashe
A. J. Bjornstad
Fred S. Blossom
Charles Roy Bowers
Nell Brinkley
O. Cesare
Irvin S. Cobb
Carter S. Cole
George Elliott Cooley
Willard D. Coxey
H. K. Cranmer
John Campbell Delano
Dorothy Dix
H. B. Eddy
Harry C. Edwards
Anthony H. Euwer
Lee Fairchild
Arthur Farwell
Thomas Fogarty
E. Fuhr
Eugene Geary
John R. Gregg
William B. Green
Jeflie Forbush-Hanaford
John Harrison
S. Frances Herschel
Kingston Hengler
Karl Hassmann
John E. Hazzard
Dixie Hines
M. Torre Hood
Harry Johnson
A. I. Keller
George Kerr
Carrie Van Deusen King
W. Krieghof
W. J. Lampton
Laura Fitzhugh Lance
G. Warren Landon
Annabelle Lee

Richard LeGallienne
R. A. Lüders
Katherine Fitzhugh McAllister
Roy L. McCardell
Hector McPherson
Adrien Machefert
G. Michelson
Phillip Verrill Mighels
E. H. Miner
F. Luis Mora
E. V. Nadherny
Frank A. Nankivell
Howard S. Neiman
Frank L. Norris
O. Hana San
Alexander Popini
J. W. Postgate
Maud G. Pride
Henry Raleigh
Henry Renterdahl
Louis Rhead
John Jerome Rooney
Helen Rowland
Maurice V. Samuels
John W. Sargent
Eleanor Schorer
Charlotte B. Scott
Charles L. Sicard
Dan Smith
Francesca di Maria Spaulding
Arthur Stahlshmidt
W. J. Steinigans
Albert Sterner
W. D. Stevens
Henry Tyrrell
Mabel Herbert Urner
Wm. Van Benthuyssen
John P. Wade
Ryan Walker
H. S. Watson
Paul West
Luther S. White



What Is Art?

by Henry Tyrrell.

Illustration by Dan Smith.

"A criticism of life," says Matthew Arnold.

"The rhythmic creation of beauty," says Edgar Allan Poe—defining the art of lyric poetry.

"The end of art," says Victor Cousin (combining Plato and Aristotle), "is the expression of moral beauty by the assistance of physical beauty."

But apply these and other bromidic definitions to the art and literature of to-day—measure them up against the Sunday newspaper, or "Peter Pan" at the theatre, or picture exhibitions of the Independent Artists and the followers of Matisse—and assuredly there is something wrong, either with the definitions or with the art.

Then turn to Emile Zola, and take from him this following dictum, which comes very close to being invulnerable:

"A work of art is a bit of nature seen through a temperament."

This takes in all the schools, as well as the fiery, untamed spirits who would break away from schools altogether. Art is always the same; temperaments differ and become warped. The academician's temperamental glass is ruled off into formal geometrical patterns, and he sees nature as a kind of problem in perspective. The rabid "impressionist" looks within himself, and away from nature, and "sees things" which don't exist for anyone else. The true artist gazes straight out upon nature, and forgets himself, and art comes to him "as easily as lying."

"What the poet writes,
He writes: mankind accepts it if it suits,
And that's success. If not, the poem's passed
From hand to hand, and yet from hand to hand,
Until the unborn snatch it, crying out
In pity on their fathers' being so dull,—
And that's success, too."

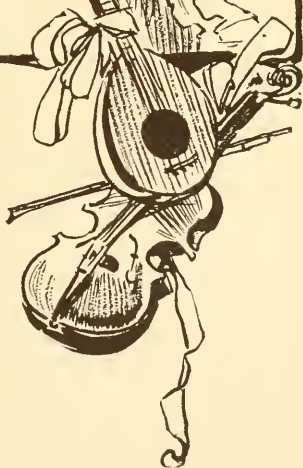


M u s i c

by Arthur Farwell.

Illustration by Dan Smith.

"Music is a woman,"
said Richard Wagner. We
may well go further and
say: Music is a mother.
It is by no mere chance



that the Germans speak of *Frau Musica*. The devotion of Music to humanity, in its varying, growing and innumerable needs, is the eternal and utter devotion of a mother to her child. Music is ever present, ever watchful, ready to sing to man, whatsoever his need, whether of consolation, of courage, or of love. Nor does she forsake him in his evil hour, when none but darker passions can touch his heart. She will go with her children to the deepest depths, and if thus terrible has become their need, she will yield to them her heartbroken sympathy even in their hate and their lust.

Music will make all sacrifice for men. At the cost of fearful pains of growth, she will change her nature with their growing, or even their perverse needs. Let her living sons but call upon her to forsake her earlier nature to sympathize with the broader and deeper consciousness which they have wrung from life in their battle with circumstance, and unhesitatingly she responds. She will indulge a prodigal Strauss or a Debussy, even to his own harm, and she yields her best only to him whose sympathy has made him one with the deep and simple heart of humanity.

In America's present need of songs breathing the freedom and courage of the New World, Music, the all-mother, is present and watchful, and will stand by her latest son until he is full grown and strong.



Literature

by Carter S. Cole.

Illustration by Dan Smith.

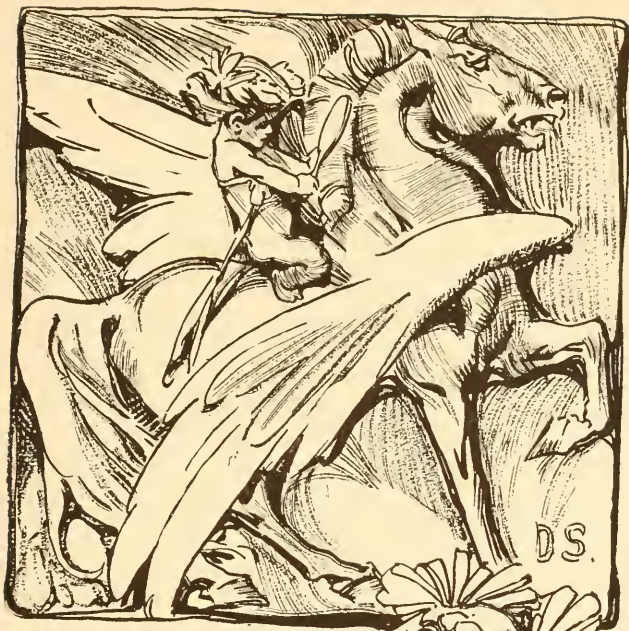
If it were proposed to give, in a brief statement on this subject, even a succinct account of the whole field, or the simplest sort of scientific review, there would be little room for anything else to appear in this volume. In fact, one deservedly famous frankly avowed

that he would not attempt to say anything on the subject unless he had given the matter at least a month's careful consideration, and yet it is much more than likely that the clientele for whom this particular book is especially designed would not take the trouble to read an article that had been prepared after such prolonged and ponderous thought.

The one thing that has characterized all literature, even before the art of printing was known, no matter what may be the definition of the word, is this: Whatever has pith, human interest, originality and action, however slowly it may have worried its way through the tired or befuddled brain of those persons whose privilege it is to see the matter before publication, will be quick to catch the eye of an ever alert public.

This is as true of science as of fiction: as universal in poetry as in prose. A single illustration will suffice: Quite recently a book, in many ways abstruse, appealing, apparently, to a limited class of readers, had just that touch of tenderness, that trail of truth, that caused a tremendous sale, and exhausted the edition in a remarkably short time.

It was once asked what part of a newspaper was most interesting; the answer from many readers and from many lands was practically the same: it depends entirely upon who does the reading. This is quite as true of literature in general as of one part. When we reflect for an instant we must acknowledge that in every thinker's life there are periods that differ materially in the attitude towards reading; that some special line is apt to predominate, even in one who is known to be a general reader: it may vary with time, place, conditions—in fact, under almost all conceivable circumstances—but there is never a time when there are not more readers in any line than there are books worth while to meet their needs, or to satisfy their demands; in short, it is just as true to-day as before or since the thought was expressed in words—Brains are always at a premium.



The Player

by Dixie Hines.

Illustration by Dan Smith.

"All the world's a stage,
And men and women merely
players."

The profession of the player is one of the oldest recognized and in its growth and achievement stands foremost of all the arts.

In its crudest form little



The Player.

is known, but as a profession it may properly date from the Chinese and Grecian periods, when players were chosen from among the infant slaves and trained to the art by masters, not unlike the painter and the bard.

To the immortal genius of Shakespeare does the world owe its inexpressible appreciation of the artistic development, realizing to the fullest degree the possibilities, and subsequently the mastery, of the art, placing it at once on the highest pinnacle of achievement and according to it the laurel of universal popularity.

To this genius is added that of others, each attaining a greater degree of appreciation, until to-day the art of the player encompasses the highest attributes of the allied arts.

The player is one who loves, and understands, nature. To do so he must feel, in the highest sense, the emotions of the artist, the poet and kindred spirits, because from each he must cull the choicest petals—the inspiration of the poet, that he may portray the character; the genius of the artist, that he may imbue it with life, and the passion of the bard, and to this the sympathy of a Madonna, the tenderness of an angel, the love of a mother and the strength of a giant.

The development of the art of the player records the development of civilization itself. The player and his art obtains wherever there is civilization. In its highest form it is at once Literature, Art and Music in harmonious arrangement. In its possibilities it is Religion, teaching the whole world by its power:

“I’ve heard that guilty creatures at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions.”

The player, supreme in his art, is master of every emotion.



Drawn by Nell Brinkley.
"Little Betty's."

Venetian Twilight

by Carter S. Cole.

Illustration by Thomas Fogarty.



Y gondolier lazily makes his way,
Threading along, humming a song,
While glorious tints of a dying day
Fill me with rapture; and earth,
sky, and sea,

In their aureole robes, are a mystery
Hidden from none, priceless, but free!

The swish of the oar in the dark, quiet stream,
Rhythmical, clear, soothing to hear,
Scatters the mist as a little moonbeam
Kisses the lips that are mine by right,
And caresses the form with its mellow light
For which I am yearning to-night.

This world is a place full of trouble and pain,
None of us know, why this is so;
In fancy, at least, when you suffer again,
Ride in my gondola, dismiss all care,
Hear the soft music that floats through the air,
At twilight, in Venice, so fair.



*"My gondolier lazily makes his way,
Threading along, humming a song."*

Best Bets of a Bachelor

by Dixie Hines.

Illustrations by Charles Roy Bowers and A. J. Bjornstad.



BEAUTY is only paint-deep at times.

Only the brave can handle the fair.

A pretty girl envies but one girl—a prettier one.

Many a poor husband is created from a rich man.

While there is an engagement there's hope—of liberty. Men can persuade a woman to do anything she wants to. Men can be classified; women cannot even be pacified. A woman's idea of happiness is to be ideally miserable. A woman will break a heart as readily as she will crack a smile.

No married man ever was a fool without being told of the fact.

The grass widow is not alone in making hay while the sun shines.

A bachelor is a man who has given serious thought to matrimony.

Bachelors form their opinion of marriage by experience—of others.

There is nothing new under the sun except hat styles for women.



*"A woman imagines she can cover up her imperfections
by pointing out those of other women."*

Every girl would love to be a thing of beauty and a boy forever.

When a woman proves equal to all a man expects she is a sur-prize.

It isn't nearly so hard to be a fool over a widow as not to be one.

Every woman secretly admires the wisdom of the man who flatters her.

A woman may conceal her faults, but a décollete gown is less deceptive.

The blush of a bashful girl is a flush that takes any hand—and heart.

"The cup of happiness" with men of experience has a siphon on the side.

Every woman has a horror of old age, but not so much as of young death.

Women are never satisfied. First they want a voter and then they want a vote.

Some men are born to trouble, while others merely achieve it by marriage.

There is but one kind of love, yet every woman has a different idea about it.

Men, manners and morals change, but woman, never—from the changeable.



A man may be "out front" at the opera and yet be able only to "see back"—if he is with her.

Every woman expects a man to think for her, and then she reverses his opinion.

When it comes to singing the praises of another, most women have a sore throat.

Man's principal safeguard against matrimony is that widows are made, not born.

Many a promising housekeeping career has been ruined in an unpromising stage career.

Men have found many antidotes for a woman, but the surest of all is another woman.

A woman spends one-half of her time telling lies for men and the other half to them.

Women often know a man is in love with them when the man never discovers the fact.

Men often find it necessary to choose between the inconstant and the unattractive woman.

A woman keeps a man running all the time—first it is after her and then it is from her.

If women did not know that men could overcome their resistance they would seldom resist.

There are two ways in which a woman may win a man: Her own brilliancy and his inanity.

When a man is at the feet of woman it is pretty sure that another woman threw him there.

Every woman wants a man to be real devilish before marriage and real angelic afterwards.

Anyhow, there was one woman who was never jealous. Adam didn't have troubles about that.

A woman imagines she can cover up her imperfections by pointing out those of other women.

Some men are born wise, some achieve wisdom by experience, and some just don't marry.

Two kinds of women make trouble in the world—those that are married and those that are not.

There is but one class of women who are not interested in the fashions and they are the dead ones.

The philosopher said a woman could not argue—he was too wise to say that she could not talk.

The reason so many men find marriage unattractive is because life was so attractive before marriage.

It isn't a hard matter for a woman to make a man love her. The difficulty is in making him keep it up.

A woman can make up two things at the same time—her face and her mind; but her face lasts longer.

The world has no sympathy to waste on those reckless enough to wed when both have been married before.

If a man does not tell a woman he loves her she thinks him impossible; if he does, he knows himself foolish.

When a woman says that all she wants is what she deserves she really means she deserves all she wants.

When a girl reaches that uncertain age and is yet unmarried, she is often worse than she paints herself.

Sometimes there is more truth than sentiment when a man tells a woman a thing is as plain as the nose on her face.

No one has ever yet discovered why a woman is afraid of a mouse and tackles a six-foot man with confidence.

A woman will start a flirtation in fun and then wonder why a man won't follow her when she gets serious.

If a man wants to make a fool of himself he can find many opportunities, but the surest way is over a woman.

Men and women both agree that it is inadvisable to live without each other and impossible to live with each other.

Whether a married man pities or envies his bachelor friends depends entirely upon how long he has been married.

If a man really wants to start something with himself, let him try to love a woman just as a woman wants to be loved.

The best way to find out what a girl who is in love with a man thinks of woman suffrage is to find out what he thinks.

A man may escape the measles, or automobiles, or even being indicted, but no man has ever been known to escape a widow.

No woman ever told a man she hated him without

meaning it; some women have told men they loved them and meant it.

² Rather than a man should be right and belong to another woman, a woman would have him wrong and belong to her.

The reason widows are so attractive to men is because they will allow themselves to be taught things they already know too well.

A girl will gaze for three hours and a half at the moon and then wonder why she hasn't time to sew a button on her brother's vest.

The happiest man is he who will take a woman's protestations like he does a dose of medicine—with celestial faith in the giver.

When a woman fails to see an opportunity to be generous to another woman it is not necessarily a sign of defective eye-sight.

Don't misunderstand a man when he tells a woman she is sweet enough to eat—maybe he is thinking of the forthcoming restaurant-check.

Between the ages of sixteen and thirty a woman is a general practitioner in the field of love; after that she is satisfied to become a specialist.

A man is willing to worship at the shrine of a woman with whom he is in love until he meets another woman—then he changes his religion.

The question will never be settled between women as to which will win a man quicker, a pair of silk stockings or an ability to bake a good cake.

If ever the fact that there are no marriages in Heaven is generally believed by women, half of the preachers will be obliged to seek other employment.

If a woman were obliged to express a preference, she would choose the man who pleases but does not love, to the man who loves but does not please, her.

Women are said to be more "clean-minded" than men. Men might meet feminine competition if they resorted to the stratagem of changing their minds as often.

The greatest disappointment after marriage comes to a man when he realizes that his wife does not look like the models in the shop windows during a white-goods sale.

A man can protect himself from the things said about him by the women who don't love him. It's the things said about him by the woman who does love him that keep him worried.

Women, says a sage, are like books: No man can judge the inside by what is displayed on the outside. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. Women are unlike books: When one has finished with a book it can be closed up.



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

The Missing Rhyme

by Henry Tyrrell.

Illustration by E. V. Nuthery.



HE trouble was, no word would rhyme with
month.

And that was why my lovely birthday
sonnet,

Meeting this obstacle, was wrecked upon it.

“Oh, fairest day of springtime’s fairest month”—
Thus I began, and there I stuck at “month.”

Her birthday is the first of May.

“Dog-gone it!”

I cried, “I can’t go on, now I’ve begun it—
Unless, perchance, I write of May the *one*-th.”

Then went I to my lady love, with all

The story of my tenderness and trouble—

Explained how words in Poetry must double,
And how my sonnet’s sweetness turned to gall
Because I couldn’t find a rhyme for “month.”

She laughed, and lithped the answer—“You’re a dunth!”



"She laughed and lilted the answer— 'You're a dunth!'"

T o H i s H e a r t

by Richard Le Gallienne.



O many times the heart can break,
So many ways—
Yet beat along and beat along,
So many days.

A fluttering thing we never see,
And only hear
When some stern doctor to our side
Presses his ear.

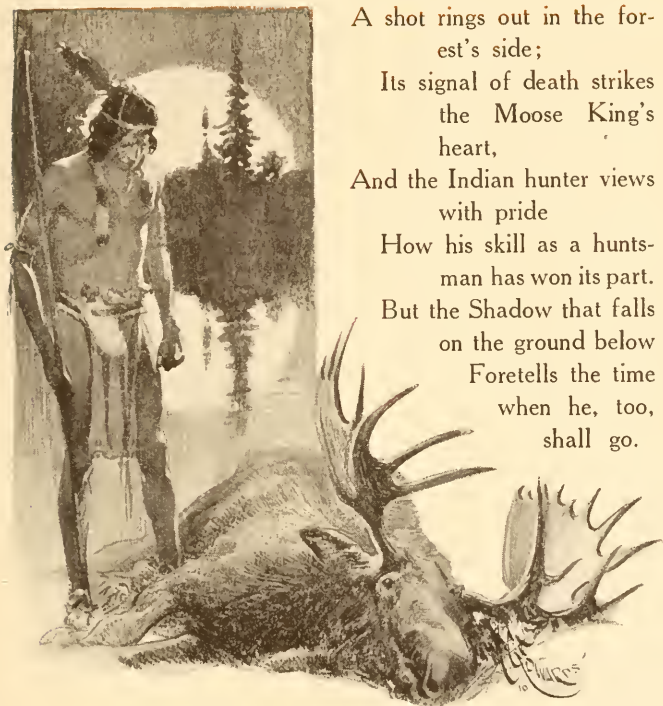
Strange hidden thing that beats and beats,
We know not why,
And makes us live, though we, indeed,
Would rather die.

Mysterious, fighting, loving thing—
So sad, so true!
I would my laughing eyes some day
Might look on you.

A K i l l i n g

by Wm. B. Green.

Illustration by Harry C. Edwards.



A shot rings out in the forest's side;

Its signal of death strikes
the Moose King's
heart,

And the Indian hunter views
with pride

How his skill as a hunts-
man has won its part.

But the Shadow that falls
on the ground below
Foretells the time
when he, too,
shall go.

N a m i n g t h e B a b y

by John Harrison.

Illustration by Kingston Hengler.



Y hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white in a single night,
As men's have grown, from sudden fears—
But gray all the same,
Just over a name—

A name for the baby;
Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain—
Or may be
Ornate—if I try to explain
The trouble, anxiety,
Crass contrariety,
Strain on one's piety—
He wouldn't be quiet—he
Cooed to satiety—
(Cute little one)—
Yes—it was pitiful,
In a whole city-full
Name he had none.



HENGLER.

*"Now let there be a merry time throughout all Christendom,
For the mother set her foot down—and the boy's named
'TOM.'"*

Naming the Baby

Cousins to right of us,
Uncles to left of us,
Gran'ma in front of us,
 Mentioned a hundred;
Neighbors, and friends as well,
Aided the din to swell,
 Talked, until out of breath,
And, when the dinner-bell
 Rang, they all wondered.

 A simple child,
 That cries and holds its breath,
And kicks with either nether limb—
 What shall we call him? S' death!
Wait till he's seven.

Now glory to that wife of mine, from whom all glories are:
Add "Hallelujahs" freely, for I'm not particular;
Now let there be a merry time throughout all Christendom,
For the mother set her foot down—and the boy's named

 " T O M."



Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

The Rackelty-Snackelty- G a g e l t y - G u z

by Anthony H. Euwer.

Illustration by the Author.



THE awfullest thing that ever yet wuz
Is the Rackelty-snackelty-gagelty-guz,
That don't eat nothin' but little
boys—

A crunchin' their bones with the terriblest noise.
If ever I see him floppin' around
I'll dig a big hole down into the ground
And crawl away in till he loses the scent,
Not even breathin' until he has went.
I guess that'll fool Mr. Guz all right—
But I hope he don't come when it's late at night!



*"The awfulest thing that ever yet wuz
Is the Rackelty-snackelty-gagelty-guz."*

Paul, the Piano-Mover;

OR,

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT!

A Tale of an Artistic Temperament

by Roy L. McCardell.

Illustrations by H. Methfessel.

CHAPTER I.

MUSIC AND MYSTERY.



APA can stand no more! How, then, can I break this to him?" The speaker, a radiantly beautiful young girl, stood sobbing in the great musical emporium of Harry M. Daly & Co.

"Consider me a policeman and not a piano-mover." As he said these words, Paul Postelwaite came forward with his hat in his hand. For all he knew the damsel in distress might be a carriage customer, and, besides, he was afraid if he left his hat in the shipping department a member of the firm might steal it.

"Oh, sir," replied the beautiful young girl, "I saw a pianola advertisement some time ago which said: '*With this instrument anyone can play the piano.*' And I, taking all my little savings, bought one for papa!"

"Yes?"

"It arrived to-day. Too late, I perceive that a pianola is an instrument from which music can only be extorted by the feet, and poor papa was run over by an electric car and lost both legs.



"As he said these words, Paul Postelwaite came forward."

"It was all my little savings, as I have said. The firm will not take the pianola back, and my poor papa has no visible means of support."

"But you can sue the street railway company for damages," said Paul, soothingly.

"We threatened to do that, but the railroad company only said papa should consider he was sufficiently damaged and they did not see why he should sue for any more. However, they said we might bring the matter into court and they would see what they could do to his character."

"Go home, little one," said Paul Postelwaite, kindly, "and I will come around this evening and play the pianola for your papa myself."

The foregoing will show that although Paul moved in musical circles he was neither a sharp nor a flat. His worst predilection was that he continually talked shop, for his last words to his distressed young confidant were, "Compose yourself!"

Paul Postelwaite had long resolved upon a musical career. He knew the pitfalls of the profession. On every side of him he saw and heard the unfortunates who played the piano to excess. A hater of discord, he resolved to save the victims of piano-playing from themselves. To this end he studied piano-moving.

Most pianos are bought on the instalment plan. Most payers for pianos bought on this plan fall behind in their instalments. It was Paul's duty to call and take away the pianos of those who had been remiss.

He bore abuse and vituperation, not with stolid indifference but with the conscientious feeling that he was a public benefactor.

He had the reward of public appreciation. People afflicted by proximity to those who played the piano to excess no longer complained to the Board of Health. They ascertained if any payments were overdue on the instrument of torture, and then they sent for Paul.

Paul's father had been a piano-maker. But he had been overtaken by misfortune. He made pianos for the big department stores.

But while he only made one grade of piano, he was compelled by the exigencies of his trade to stencil them with so many different names that he forgot his own. And one day, while suffering from loss of memory in this regard, he signed a name not his own to a check and was compelled to retire from business to Ossining-on-Hudson.

His father's parting advice had been, "Never forget who you are, my boy!"

CHAPTER II.

HARMONY IN A FLAT.

That evening, carrying with him a pair of wooden legs, as a pleasant surprise for the abbreviated parent, Paul called at the cosy Harlem apartment where dwelt the young girl who had so attracted his attention that morning.

As the young girl opened the door for him with a glad

Paul, the Piano-Mover

cry, Paul proffered the wooden legs. "These are for your father," he said; "he has a heart of oak, I know, and now he will have legs to match."

"Bless you, young sir," cried the father of the girl. "This will place me on a better footing with the world! And should I die they will be a legacy for both of you. And now, thank gracious! I can play the pianola!"



"The grateful father adjusted the artificial limbs and was soon playing Handel with his feet."

So saying the grateful father adjusted the artificial limbs and was soon playing Handel with his feet, extracting from the music chords of wood, as it were, of a timbre most surprising.

* * * * *

This was not all. Paul secured the old man a political position as a stump speaker, at which he was doubly successful, and how he stood on public questions is well known; his physical disability, of course, stood in the way of his ever running for office.

As for the daughter, Paul married her. There is no need to tell you her name. She is Mrs. Postelwaite now and that is enough.

They are still a musical family, and the pride of their home is a Baby Grand.



A T O A S T

by John R. Gregg.

For Success—initiative, concentration and perseverance;
For Happiness—love, cheerfulness and a sense of humor;
For Good-fellowship—the Pleiades.

L a d y C r i n o l i n e

by John Campbell Delano.

Illustration by Frank A. Nankivell.



DAINTY Lady Crinoline,

Frail as the frailest porcelain,

Memory doth take me back

O'er Life's long-forgotten track

Sweet as sweetest metheglin,

Dainty Lady Crinoline.

Dark thine hair as deepest night,

And thine eyes were stars alight,

Roses blushed thy cheeks to see.

Blessings on thee, Memory,

For this maid in bombazine,

Dainty Lady Crinoline.

Ankles slim as lily's stem,

Tiny feet from out the hem

Of thy dress my heart entranced

When the minuet we danced.

Sweet, angelic cherubin,

Dainty Lady Crinoline!



*"Dainty Lady Crinoline,
Frail as frailest porcelain; . . .
Ankles slim as lily's stem."*

A t t h e P l e i a d e s

by Maurice V. Samuels.



HE music sounds, my pulse responds;

My neighbor who is young and fair
Holds me in conversation's bonds—
And yet my spirit is not there!

Around me merry friends I see,
Gay laughter and saluting smile.
Here in the Hall of Jollity
Present, I still am in exile.

Bohemia's spell is subtly wove;
What she seems to display most clear
Is not her real treasure-trove—
She whispers to an inner ear.

She pictures what remains unseen,
Sings songs too exquisite for tongue,
Tempts one with hope for nobler gains
And ever shows one higher rung!

Bohemia, ah! how base-maligned!
Thy form mistaken oft for Thee!
Thy body gazed upon, Thy Mind
Regarded as an absentee!

At the Pleiades

Thou who dost hand the cup of wine
To stir the heart till it let free
The prisoned spirit—form divine—
Art wronged by many a devotee!

The music sweet, and she whose face
Is soft illumed, and echoed laugh,
As gayety grows on apace,
Fill not the goblet that I quaff.

Somewhere, away, by Thee led on,
Aware, alive, responsive still,
I feel the tremulous light shed on
My spirit by that wanton will.

We all, earth-bound most time, behold
Thy shrine and there libation pour;
Mistake the alloy for pure gold
And mere appearance, to adore.

For know, Bohemia, Goddess glad,
We all in some way comprehend
Thy worship must be gay, not sad,
Or Thou refusest to befriend.

So here, with revelry and mirth,
Gay song, quick toast and wassail mood,
We greet Thee in Thy form of Earth
And place before Thee wine and food!

Maurice Samuels
"Table Wine"

The Land of Dreams

by Willard D. Coxey.

Illustration by Ryan Walker.



H, a curious place is the Land of Dreams,
With its vapory castles of smoke—
A shadowy land where the sun never beams,
And Reality's only a joke!

'Tis a place where fortunes are made in a night
With nothing of cost or labor;
And all that you do is to turn out the light—
And dream that Wealth is your neighbor!

'Tis a land of bliss, where no one is missed—
'Tis a land that lovers adore,
Where the prettiest girl who ever was kissed
Is a dream on the edge of a snore!

So here's to the shadowy Realm of Sleep!
And here's to the People of Seeming!
The rest of the world may awake and weep,
But me for the laugh and the dreaming.



*"Where the prettiest girl who ever was kissed
Is a dream on the edge of a snore."*

The Wedding of the Vines

by Aimee Greene-Abbott.



CURIOUS vine leaned over the wall,
Gay with pride, and straight and tall.
It danced and swung in the playful
wind,

And peered about to see what it could find.

Its tendrils, light and airy and gay,
Flaunted and fluttered, day after day,
Till a larger vine on the side of a church,
Swung out a branch, with decisive lurch.

He grasped the tendril with loving force,
(She thought she couldn't resist, of course.)
They twined together, heart to heart,
Now none who pass can tell them apart.



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

The Fable of the Over-Talented

by Dorothy Dix.

Illustration by Wm. J. Steinigans.



HERE was once a Sagacious Youth, with a High Brow, who Opined that the World owed him a Living.

"It is all very well," he reflected, "for Ordinary Dubs who have not been blessed with a Superabundance of Gray Matter as I have, to Strain on the Collar in the Tread Mill of Business, but the very thought of Work makes me Tired, and I apprehend that there are Easier ways of getting the Pelf than by Earning it.

"It is, of course, a Good Thing that not every one is as Brilliant as I am, for if they were the world would blow up with Spontaneous Combustion. It really pains me to see others toiling along day after day for Measly Salaries, when they might have money coming to them on Wings if they only used their Wits instead of their Paws."

With that the Sagacious Youth worked out a system that was a Sure Thing on paper for Divorcing the Public from its Long Green.

"I learned from the Census Report," he said to himself, "that every Minute a Sucker is Born, and I appre-



"There was once a Sagacious Youth with a High Brow."

The Fable of the Over-Talented

hend that they are Providentially provided to furnish Automobiles and Wealth Water for Wise Guys like Me, and that all that I shall have to do is to take advantage of their Gullibility in order to Hook Them and have a Fish Chowder that will be a Perpetual Picnic.

"I have perceived that most of my Fellow Creatures are so Greedy that they will swallow any sort of Bait if it looks Fat, and that if you only Promise them enough, it Razzle-dazzles them so they do not investigate your means of Making Good."

Thereupon the Youth began burning the midnight Carbon concocting a Prospectus of Speculation made Easy, by which Widows and Orphans and Clergymen could be separated from their Pile and enjoy all the Excitement and Losses of Wall Street at Home.

As an idea it was a Jim Dandy that commanded the respect of the Financial World, but before the Youth could realize it the Post-Office Department got Wise, and he felt it best to Travel in Europe for his Health.

"Alas!" cried the Youth, "I fear that the Confidence Game is getting Over-Crowded, and it is evidently up to me to either Marry and give some Female the Pleasure of Supporting me, or else go to Work.

"Personally, my tastes are not Domestic, and I prefer Single Blessedness to Double Wretchedness, but it is clear

The Fable of the Over-Talented

that it will be less Fatiguing to hold a Lady's Hand than to call Stations in the Subway; it's me for the Altar. Besides, as soon as I have annexed little Tootsey-Wootsey for my own, I will take possession of her Bank Account and then all will be well."

So the Youth espoused an Elderly Widow whose No. 1 husband had left her a Large and Juicy slice of Insurance, but contrary to his expectations she was a Foxy Lady with a Time Lock on her Pocketbook, and he could not work the Combination that opened it.

At this the Youth shed bitter Tears, but when he began knocking Fate his Friend called him down.

"It may be True," said the Friend, "that the World owes you a living, but there are many Small Debts that we have to Personally Collect.

"If you had displayed as much Imagination in writing Fiction as you have in Telling Lies that deceive no one, you would have received an Honorary Degree from Yale instead of the Double Cross from your Fellow Creatures, and if you had worked as hard at some Honest Calling as you have in trying to Rob Others you would be a Millionaire instead of a Tramp. It is my observation that the Beater always gets Beaten in the end. Farewell!"

Moral: This Fable teaches that Most of the Short Cuts to Success end on the Dump.

A S o n g

by Philip Verrill Mighels.

Illustration by F. Luis Mora.

Somewhere I have heard that the "Pleiades all sang together," and I therefore submit these all-star verses as a song.



IN the Northern seas I loved a maid
As cold as a polar bear,
But of taking a cold I was not afraid—
Sing too rel le roo
And the wine is red—
For a kiss is a kiss most anywhere,
When a man's heart goes to his head.

Ho! the heart of a man is an onion, boys,
An onion, boys, with a shedding skin;
And never it breaks, for you off with its hide
When the old love's gone—and it's fresh within!

In the Southern seas I loved a lass
As warm as a day in June,
And oh, that a summer should ever pass—
Sing too rel le roo
And the wine is red—
For my summer, my lads, was gone too soon,
With a man's heart gone to his head.

Ho! the heart of a man, etc.



*"In the Southern seas I loved a lass
As warm as a day in June."*

A Song

In the Western seas I loved a miss
As shy as the sharks that swim,
And it's duties we owe to the art of a kiss—
Sing too rel le roo
And the wine is red—
If a maiden so shy should be took with a whim
And a man's heart gone to his head.

Ho! the heart of a man, etc.

P. S.—There are said to be seven seas. It ought to be seventy.

WHERE BOHEMIA IS

by John William Sargent.

Bohemia's not a corner hid in Paris or New York,
Not a corner in a cellar where we eat and drink and talk,
Nor a corner that is set aside to poverty and art:
No, Bohemia's just a corner in the right man's heart!

A u t u m n

by Arthur Stahlschmidt.

Decoration by H. K. Cranmer.



THE long sweep of the wind across the
moor,

The cry of plover bird on flapping
wing,

The faded grass and bracken near the shore
Of the deserted pond where robins used to sing.

No cricket voice; no cheery summer sound,
Naught save the sweeping of the wind among the
naked boughs

And rustle of dead leaves along the barren
ground.



At the Sign of the Cheap Table d'Hôte

by Helen Rowland.

Illustration by E. M. Ashe.



MOKE, and spaghetti, and crimson wine,
And the laughing notes of a violin!
From the Seine, from the Loire, from the
Thames, the Rhine,
Hail the guests of the cheap table
d'hôte—Come in!

What if your hat be a battered one?

What if your coat be a trifle thin?

There's a chant of cheer for Bohemia's son

At the Sign of the Cheap Table d'Hôte—Come in!

Feel not your pocket, for here's a feast,

And your fill of wine for a few mean pence—

Fish and fowl and a loaf, at least—

And all for a matter of fifty cents!

Oh, wonderful things you'll discover there

In the midst of the clatter and smoke and din,

For Genius is child of the very air

One breathes at the cheap table d'hôte—Come in!



*"Oh, wonderful things you'll discover there
In the midst of the clatter and smoke and din."*

At the Sign of the Cheap Table d'Hote

Out of the smoke there are statues carved,
And daring dreamers their day-dreams spin;
For never a poet's soul has starved
On the notes of a table d'hote violin.

At that table yonder, perchance, was born
A sonnet that brought the singer fame—
And there, in a jacket frayed and worn,
Nightly, a world-known painter came.

Here, once reveled a popular wit,
There, a composer, now rich and fat,
Here, a diva—just think of that!—
Flirted and laughed, 'neath a home-made hat!

Where are they now? Who knows? Alas!
Dining, perhaps, in a dinner coat,
Sipping champagne from a rich man's glass—
For Success sits not at the table d'hote.

But what does it matter to us, I say!
This is "Going-to-be" and not "Has-been"—
The Land of "To-morrow," not "Yesterday,"
Is the Sign of the Cheap Table d'Hote—Come in!

“ H e l l o ! ”

by John Edward Hazzard.



ELLO, girl!”

“Hello, boy!”

Thus with hand-clasp was our greet-
ing,

Seems as though at our first meeting.

“Hello, girl!” and oh, what gladness

In her echo, “Hello, boy!”

“Hello, girl!”

“Hello, boy!”

This, and then a moment’s kissing,

Gave us what in life was missing ;

“Hello, girl!” and oh, what madness

In her echo, “Hello, boy!”

“Good-by, girl!”

“Good-by, boy!”

Thus we spoke it at our parting,

Just a little tear was smarting ;

“Good-by, girl!” and oh, what sadness

In her echo, “Good-by, boy!”

The Wild Rose

by John Jerome Rooney.

Illustration by Louis Rhead.



SAW a wild rose in the wilderness;

It was so sweet, so sweet

It seemed the one thing in the world

That God had made complete.

It grew beside a mossy road

In the deep northern woods,

And oh, its simple beauty lit

Those savage solitudes.

And, as I plucked it where it blew

All trembling in the wind,

It seemed a meet gift unto her—

The flower of womankind!



"The flower of womankind!"

The Old, Old Prayer

by John W. Postgate.



OUR Father, which art in Heaven,
We glorify Thy name,
And pray our sins be all forgiven,
Our hearts all cleansed from shame;
Our vain desires we beg Thee check,
Our footsteps lead aright,
And from our eyes remove each speck
That blinds us to the light.

Hallowed be Thy name, O Lord;
Let Thy sweet mercy reign;
Within our hearts sink deep the Word
That heals all grief and pain;
Our wand'ring thoughts restrain and cheer,
Our cares and doubts dispel;
From timid hearts cast out each fear,
And teach us, All is well!

Give us this day our daily bread;
And fervent be our creed,
To suffer none to go unfed
While we may end his need;
Let love and pity fill our hearts,
And charity for all;
Sustain the strength that hope imparts,
To bless both great and small.

The Old, Old Prayer

Thy Kingdom come, in Thy good time,
Oh, comfort us till then!
Thy will be done in ev'ry clime
Where toil the sons of men;
And let Thy grace descend and glow
Within each weary breast,
So we may all Thy goodness know,
Thy love and peace attest.

Our faults forgive, as we forgive
The faults by others shown;
Teach us the way to rightly live
Our follies to atone;
From evil aims our minds set free,
And from temptation save;
And let the Cross of Calvary
Redeem us from the grave.

For Thine the Kingdom must prevail
'Gainst all the hosts of ill,
Thy power and Thy glory quell
The arts that sting and kill;
And forever and forever
Hosannas let us raise,
That lures of earth may never
Divert us from Thy ways.

The Bashful Girl

by Fred S. Blossom.

Illustration by E. Fuhr.



HE threw around my soul a charm—

I threw around her waist my arm.

She was so bashful and seemed so shy—

Just made to kiss—ah! I wished to try.

We strolled along in the cooling shade;

I mustered courage and kissed the maid.

Her look! Her eyes! I'll never forget

The touch of her lips! It lingers yet.

We kissed again! My heart stood still—

A joy came o'er me, a quiet thrill;

As the red blood pulsed, all seemed awlirl—

Wondrous change in my bashful girl!

Did her brown eyes flash, or a cry of wrath

Re-echo along that shady path?

Nay! But clinging close, as ivies climb,

She lifted her head to me each time.



*"But clinging close, as ivies climb,
She lifted her head to me each time."*

I n v i t a t i o n

by *Walter Gregory Muirheid.*

Illustration by R. A. Lüders.



RAY, maiden of ye ancient time,
Fair stranger of a foreign clime,
Tell me, as gaze ye o'er the sea,
What thoughts arise to comfort thee?

Hast lover there in ship of state,
Or waitest thou beside the gate
To welcome him from war's alarms
To the fond shelter of thine arms?

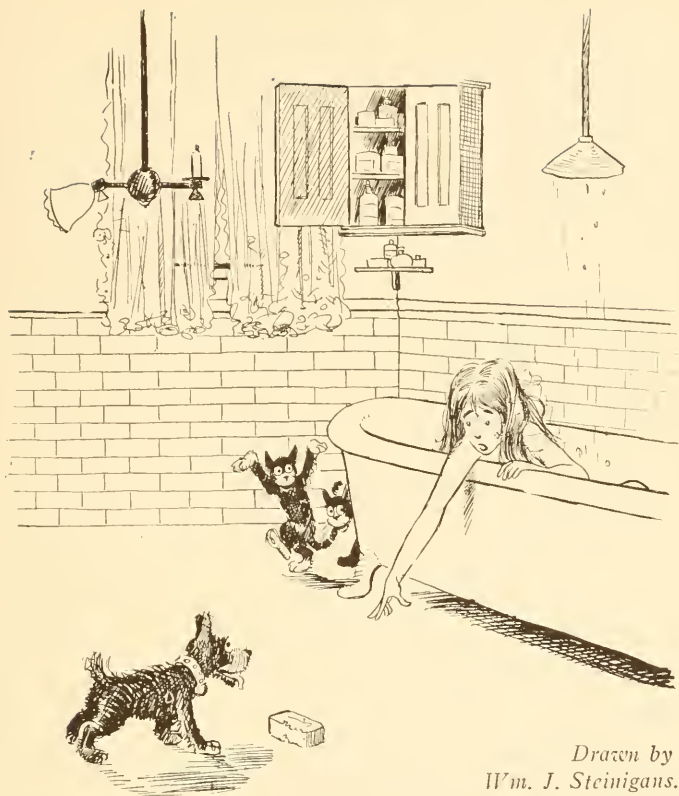
Perchance that through the ages vast
In prophecy thy gaze is cast
And to Manhattan's glad and gay
Hotels, cafés and Great White Way
Thy fancies take their wing, and show
The Pleiades with lights aglow,
Till in thy limpid, lucent eyes
Bright visions of our feasts arise.



"Fair stranger of a foreign clime."

Canst bridge the span of ages vast,
O maiden of a fabled past?
Then come! We'll do our best to please;
We'll make thee guest at Pleiades!
And ne'er in palmy days of Rome
Couldst thou, fair maiden, feel at home
More than at Pleiads' tables round
Where fellowship and faith abound.

For ne'er in Rome were men like these
Good fellows of the Pleiades,
And ne'er were maidens half so fair
As they who seek diversion there;
Yet ne'er was time these fellows gay
Would deem another in the way,
And so make haste, fly o'er the sea,
The Pleiades will welcome thee!



Wm. Steinigans

*Drawn by
Wm. J. Steinigans.*

See the lady? Does the lady want the soap? The lady certainly does. Will the pup bring the soap to the lady? It will not—the pup is a gentleman pup and the lady is a suffragette. The pup wants her to get it herself.

All You Need in New York

by Lee Fairchild.

Illustration by Wm. Van Benthuyssen.



SHAVE and a dollar,
A shine and a collar,
Is all that you need in New York;
That is, if you're clever
And never, oh, never

Are seen at the thing we call work.

When seated at dinner
Just for a beginner
Change waiters—a move for a bluff;
Talk “stocks” of the morrow
And then you may borrow
A crimped crisp sign of real stuff.

Remember a story—
Quite new or quite hoary—
To quote to your host when you dine;
Be never a piker
But e'er a bold striker—
Aim high or the venture decline.



"Talk 'stocks' of the morrow."

W a i t i n g !

by *Mabel Herbert Uner.*

Illustration by Luther S. White.



OU—you will come over Wednesday evening?" She asked it hesitatingly, timidly almost.

"I'm afraid I can't Wednesday," as he picked up his hat and cane.

"Then Thursday—have you an engagement for Thursday?"

"Thursday is the dinner of the Civic Club."

"Oh, yes; of course you must go to that." There was a slight quiver in her voice now. "Could—could you come—Friday?"

"That's so far ahead. I don't like to make an engagement so far in advance. But I'll phone you some time during the week.

She smiled a wan little assent. With a brief good-by he was gone. His step down the hall—the click of the elevator—then she ran to the window and followed him with strained eyes as he swung down the street.

If only he would look up and wave her a good-by as he used to—but he did not.

She threw herself on the couch, her face in the pillows—the ache in her heart keener than any physical pain.

Waiting!

Was it hopeless—the fight she was making? Could she never win back the love she had lost?

And she had never known how she had lost it—unless it was because she had grown to care too much and to show it too plainly. Could it be that? Had he cared



"There she sat, with her head bending low, thinking, thinking, thinking."

only for the uncertainty—the love of pursuit? And without that—being sure of his conquest—his interest had died?

Ah, no—no! passionately she denied that. The man she loved was bigger, finer than that! He could not have stooped to a merely cheap desire for conquest. If he had ceased to love her, it was some fault of hers, some failing, some lack within herself of which she was unconscious.

She had spent long hours of torturing self-analysis trying to find where she had failed—what it was that in the beginning he might have thought she possessed—and then found she did not. So great was her love for him that she felt she could almost make of herself what he wanted—just by the sheer strength of *willing* it!

If only she could be with him enough! If she could but have the *chance* to make him care for her again! He used to come almost every day—and now—now, sometimes many days would pass.

She knew it was a mistake to ask him when he was coming—to try to name any particular time. He seemed to resent that now. If only she could let him go without a word! But the thought of the long, silent absence that might follow always terrified her. Once, for two weeks, she had not heard from him; and the memory of those two weeks' suffering always weakened her to the point of trying

to make some definite engagement to escape the sickening uncertainty of the days to come.

Oh, she was so helpless—so pitifully helpless! Wholly dependent on him for her happiness, yet powerless to break down this wall he was placing between them!

She slowly arose and threw herself into a chair. There she sat, with her head bending low, thinking, thinking, thinking.

* * * * *

Then gradually there stole over her a sense of quiet—almost of peace. It was partly the relaxation that comes after any emotional strain, and partly because of a faint hope, a belief that sometimes came to her and that comforted her above everything else—the thought that because she gave of her best—because the love she gave was a great and good love—some time he could come to know, to understand, and to love her again, if only for her unfaltering love of him!

If she could but wait long enough—patiently enough—in the end the love she so wanted might be hers!

The Blind Messenger

by Annabel Lee.

Illustration by Walter Meyner.



F I could feel the song of faith still
singing

In my heart, once filled with melody
Of all you seemed when love was
bringing

Me to the shrine of your adolatriy.

Ah! If the years and gods were but content

To hold fame's trophy from my reaching hand
And give instead, the meed which heaven meant
Should crown each woman's life in every land.

If the dead past would but one hour deign

A lonely pilgrim travelling byways rough,
An hour when love and peace would ever reign—
That hour indeed were happiness enough.



“
To hold fame's trophy from my reaching hand.”

T h e P l e i a d e s

by Hector McPherson.



LL hail! my brothers of palette and pen;
Of science and buskin, too;
You daughters of beauty and tuneful
mien—
The joy-ship's merriest crew.

Can this be Bohemia, realm of mirth,
Where the grave and gay unite?
Where genius now finds its nobler birth
And shines with a lustre bright?

Men here tell stories, their pictures paint,
As they burn life's flick'ring lamp;
They toil and they sweat, yea, mayhap they faint,
Yet with care they refuse to camp.

When hand grips hand in friendly grasp,
Just jot this down in your book:
It is Nature's heart that you fondly clasp,
Not an empty, outward look.

The flower of friendship sweeter blooms

Where all hearts are good and true,
Each nobler art richer form assumes
And shines with a fairer hue.

Ye Pleiades of the heavenly throng,

Down here you do bravely shine.
May your hearts be light and your way be long,
Lit by genius most divine!

Then forward from conquering field to field,

Nor heeding life's battle-scars;
Nor malice, nor envy's tongue shall make yield,
Who brothers are to the stars!

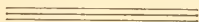


Table d'Hote Bohemia

Here's to "Table d'Hote Bohemia"
Where all may dare,
But only the brave
Can stand the fare!

L o v e r s

by Howard S. Neiman.



IN her leafy, shady bowers
Grew a rose among the flowers;
Queen was she among the bloom,
Dainty with her sweet perfume.
And the flowers did homage pay,
Love by night and love by day,
Daisies fair and tulips sweet,

Bashful violets at her feet,
Thistles strong and lilies white
Told their love by day and night.
But she spurned their love so true,
She had lover no one knew.
And each morn when faintest light
Told the passing of the night,
She would lift her blushing face
For her lover's fond embrace.
And when other flowers did sleep,
Softly to her he would creep.
In the dawning thus alone
He would call her all his own;
On her lips a kiss would press,
Leave them moist with happiness.
Love so tender, Love so true,
Fairest Rose and Morning Dew!

All my life-time would be sweet—
All my happiness complete—
If I were the Morning Dew,
And the Rose, Sweetheart, were you.

F a m e

by Katherine Fitzhugh McAllister.

Decoration by D. S.



HERE have been men whose souls
were filled

With dew of knowledge thrice dis-
tilled,

Who bored holes in Time's masonry
Thru which the stupid world could see;
Yet Envy with the pen of rage,
Wrote "Failure" on the title page!
Fame stood aloof, with scornful head,
And crowned them—after they were dead!



The Tale of the Store Girl

by O Hana San.

Illustration by Adrian Machefert.



ES, ma'am, to the right. No, ma'am, not
this store."

"Say, Sade, ain't those dames a terrible
bore

With their questions all day?

Perhaps now I can say

What I want to you, of me friend Johnny Ray.

Was the party real swell? Well,

I'm dying to tell

You of the dandy fine floor, and just what I wore——

The price of that, ma'am? Well, ain't she a ham

To get off her ear just because it's too dear?

As I was just sayin', there was dancin' and playin',

And cute Johnny Ray, say! was with me all day——

Two yards of that lace? (My, Sade, what a face!)

Sure, ma'am, I'll attend;

I don't mean to offend

Either you or any other old lady.

Fresh? Can you beat that now, Sadie?

She's gone to complain to the floorwalker chap——

It's all up with me, maybe, but I don't give a rap,



"As I was just sayin'."

'Cos Johnny wants me for his own little pet,
And maybe I ain't lookin' for marriage just yet!
I can beat it—and quick—to a store on Broadway.
Hear me hand that to him,
With a merry 'Good day?' "

And she did, and what happened is easy to write;
She married young Ray; that's her end, so good night.

* * * *

MORAL.

And the moral is simple for girls high and low:
You'll never get left with two strings to your bow.
A good business one to pull at your will,
Or, a true lover's knot may be better still
In case you get "fired," like the girl in the store,
Who had two strings to her bow
And who knows?—some more!





A TOAST

Illustration by Kriehoff.

I drink to the Pipe, which, at eventide,
Is dearer to me than a blushing bride.
As its perfumed clouds float on the air,
They curl into myriad visions rare:
Pictures of comrades of long ago
I see in the shadows that come and go;
And the long-lost love of my boyhood seems
To be kissed into life by my Pipe-o'-dreams.

A S o n g

by Eugene Geary.

Illustration by G. Michelson.



YOUNG Love forsook the highways,

All decked in their robes of Spring,

And, far into silent by-ways,

He fluttered on golden wing.

Blithe youths and maidens chased him,

"He is only tired," they said.

To a streamlet's brink they chased him,

Then sighed that Love was dead.

On, on through the shining meadows,

As the rays of the evening fell,

He sped 'mid the length'ning shadows

Till he came to a lonely dell.

The flowers, with teardrops laden,

Bent their heads as he flew along,

To sigh o'er the grave of a maiden—

His sigh was a poet's song.



"Then sighed that Love was dead."

The Caverns of the Soul

by Charles Louis Sicard.

Illustration by H. B. Eddy.



ITHIN the mystic caverns of our souls
There is a labyrinth unexplored;
Where dim aisles, winding far beyond the
poles,
Have secrets of the ages stored.

Unheard far in the twilight mists of time,
Are weirdly haunting strains that sleep,
To be resounded through your soul or mine,
For those we summon from the deep.

Oft times I wandered in those ancient caves,
Seeking to pierce the crowded past;
'Midst endless hosts submerged 'neath lethal waves,
The all in one, sans first, sans last.

For Truth alone thus strangely did I grope,
Daring, despairing, yet in vain;
Until one wondrous hour, while stirred with hope,
My search revealed a slumb'ring strain.

One blast of barb'rous melody flung clear,
Swept back the veil, removed the ban,
And demon-ridden, and accursed with fear,
I stalked, once more primeval man.

Ah me, this thing, cast from the pit of night,
Knew naught but savagery and lust;
I searched in vain for truth, for love, for light,
Then bid him vanish back to dust.



"Within the mystic caverns of our souls."

The Caverns of the Soul

Undaunted through my soul again I sped,
A strain unheard, for cycles flown;
Adown the shadowed deeps this message fled,
Come ye, who first, love's thrill hast known.

From distant ages dim, at last, I came,
With shining eyes of glim'ring dawn,
And throbbing heart aglow, destined to flame,
In love, through those as yet unborn.

I saw this self ancestral slowly fade,
To voiceless chambers of the gloom;
Where rest those throngs, who have so fully paid,
That Life's dank weeds, might flowers bloom.

'Tis on the scroll, graved deep, that I now pay,
And Life must quaff the poison'd wine;
But Love and Hope, if star-strewn on the way,
Can purify the living vine.

O Soul, the tallied years of men count not,
For life eternal sweepeth back;
As life unending is predestined lot,
And I am I, from love, from rack!

This vibrant flame, entombed in human clay,
Divine spark from the æons blown,
Through loins of countless forbears to this day
Shall ever reap as all have sown.



Drawn by Albert Sterner.

L o v e ' s F l o w e r

by Frank L. Norris.

Illustration by M. Torre Hood.



THROUGHOUT this life a moral runs,
And ye who read may learn
That God has placed in every heart
A sacred fire, to burn
And flash so long as life may last—
A priceless treasure trove,
A garden fair, beyond compare,
Where blooms the flower called love.
A flower that's warmed by passion's flame,
And fed by pleasure's dew,
Its curling petals reaching out
Like beckoning hands to you.
But pluck it! ere with perfume gone,
It hangs its drooping head,
Nor passion stay from day to day
Until that flower is dead.



*"But pluck it! ere with perfume gone,
It hangs its drooping head."*

The Revolt of the Stars

by Maud G. Pride.

Illustration by R. S. Ament.



VERY long time ago, when the Heavens were quite new and the Earth was still in the Golden Age, a strange event occurred—quite unheard of even in those early times.

The Sun, vigorous and lusty, had rubbed his blinking eyes and hurried away to the west. The boy-child, Twilight, his chubby hands still clutching after the last red rays left behind by the Sun, winked his sleepy eyes, as, protestingly, he was pushed along in his crimson cart by Old Sandman. Close behind came his three sisters, the Evening Shadows, in their long, trailing, gray robes. A hush fell upon the Heavens. From far below came the hum of the Crickets and the low murmur of the Katydid, having their final good-night gossip, but in the Sky all was still until the Moonlady came softly creeping along, her silver mantle enfolding her slight form, her long silken hair caught by the Evening Breeze, who followed close in her wake. At her appearance there arose from the Earth songs of gladness and hymns of praise. Lovers looked up at her enraptured, poets sang of her, and even the brute creation sent Heavenward their low murmur of joy at her



"The Moonlady stole softly across the sky."

being. Silently she smiled down upon them all as she passed on her way.

Then a strange thing happened. Black clouds skurried here and there across the Heavens, and low mutterings were heard. The Stars had revolted!

Venus, her cold beauty marred by a frown of discontent, was the center of a murmuring group, to whom she spoke in words of passion:

"Let us take a firm stand. Why should we go on shining, shining through countless ages? We are not appreciated. We never receive any praise. There are so many of us and our light is so feeble, who cares whether we shine or not? The Moon comes along and takes away our glory; let her do all the work then. Why should we waste our light trying to outshine the Moon and the Sun? Unless we can be as brilliant as they and receive as much praise, let us not shine at all."

Each Star blinked a sullen assent, and gradually each little light flickered and went out. The Dog Star barked and the Great Bears growled—the low mutterings became a loud rumble, and the Heavens for once were dark, save for a faint light that still gleamed away off in the north. Seeing the feeble light still shining, all the Stars rushed to it, surrounding the feeble Star that persisted in shining, and jeered at her folly.

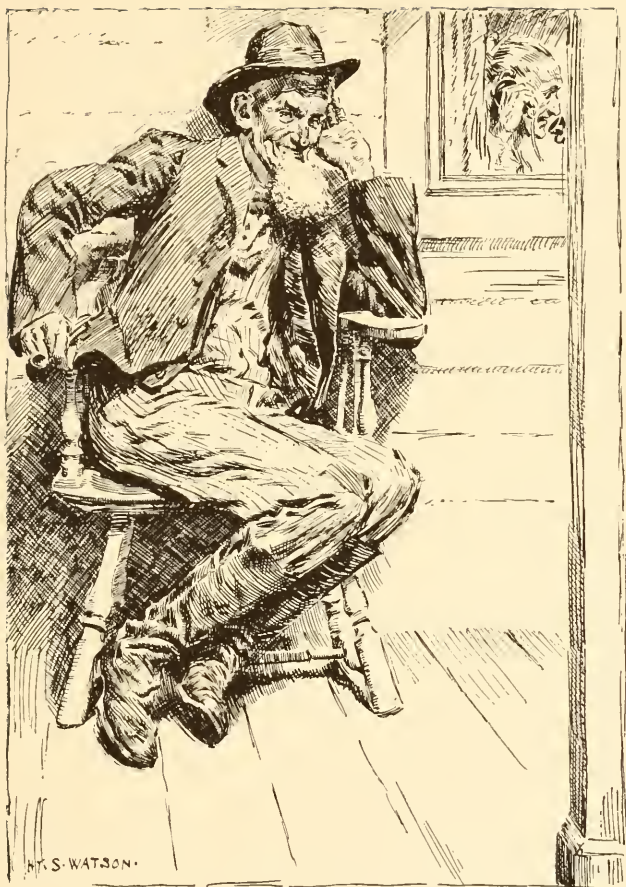
“Put out your light, you foolish one. Do you hope to vie with the Sun or the Moon with that feeble flame of yours? What use can you be in this great space of darkness?”

“I do not know,” replied the Star, faintly, “but I can go on shining and do my best, though my light is small and goes but a little way. I do not envy the Moonlady her glory. Is it not a great thing that she can shine so radiantly upon the Earth and make so many happy? And if there were no Sun, what would the poor little Flowers do, and the Birds and the Beasts? My little light cannot do much good, but I can do my best to keep it bright, and if it reaches to Earth but faintly I shall be grateful. I had rather light one soul onward and upward than to have a choir of Angels sing my praises; I had rather one person should be glad he had seen my rays, than to be crowned with a crown of brilliant jewels and never have made anyone glad; I had rather one tearful soul should look to me and find comfort in my steady light than to have a million people bow down to me in worship of my beauty; I had rather one soul should be truly sorry when my light goes out than that a thousand should praise me for my brilliancy and not know when I ceased to shine; I had rather a baby’s face looked up at me and smiled and called my name than to be praised in a poet’s song and

know he was paid so much a line for it; I had rather send one faint ray of hope into some troubled heart than to light the World's Great White Way; I had rather shine on for ages unnoticed than to shine with borrowed light and be afraid of being blown out; I had rather——” But the little Star found herself all alone, and as she looked about her she saw that each Star was in its accustomed place, and that each light was more brilliant than it had ever been before. Even the dark clouds had vanished, and a little child looked up at the Sky from her bedroom window and said, “O, mother dear, see how beautiful are the stars to-night! They are God's jewels, set in His Crown of Glory, aren't they? If we are very good shall we be beautiful stars some day and shine for Him?”

And the Stars looked down and smiled Good-night. And the brightest of all the Stars were the Pleiades.





Drawn by Hy. S. Watson.

Eavesdropping.

The Joy of Living

by Carrie Van Deusen King.

Illustration by Eleanor Schorer.

*"This precious stone set in a silver sea,
This blessed plot, this realm, this earth."*

—SHAKESPEARE.



WOULD heaven be sweet, if you and I were
there,

And would the angels bear us globes
of wine,

Grown rich with many a hundred
golden years?

I fear me not, for one might deem you fair
And take away what I had known as mine,
To make my paradise a vale of tears.

Give me, then, earth with its humanity,
Born like a zephyr, soft, among the trees,
While sunlight dries the dewdrops from the rose.
Give me the earth, I crave not what may be
Beyond the height of skies or depth of seas;
I only ask the love that mortal knows.

If heaven be heaven to steal away the soul
Of all my rapturous hours, then give me life—
Its fog and dew, its sunlight and its shade,
Its day and night—but ever let me fold
Thee to my heart, to keep from thee all strife,
Whatever woe, whatever ill betide.



ES

“ For one might deem you fair
And take away what I had known as mine,
To make my paradise a vale of tears.”

The Called Hand

by *Laura Fitzhugh Lance.*

Illustration by George Kerr.



O matter what the game you play,

Play it well;

No matter what the price you pay,

Never tell.

This life is but a game of cards

Of mostly losses, few rewards,

The signs of Destiny's regards,

Or Friendship fell.

The Ace of Spades, King Edward's card,

Or William's crest,

Each representing different games,

Each played with zest;

One stands for mystic power unknown;

Two play an act upon a throne,

Both wanting this fair earth to own

And all the rest!



“
Each representing different games.”

What counts the cards when all is done

 If king, or clown—

If Cæsar, Hohenzollern's

 Written down!

What—in those palaces on high,

In astral cities in the sky

Where we shall all meet by and by—

 If hod, or crown?

For when we reach Infinity

 The dwellers there

Won't know the vassals from the kings,

 Nor will they care;

King, crown and sceptered royalty,

The Here, the There—I, You and Me

 Out there, out there!

P a s s i n g T h r o u g h

by John P. Wade.



HELLO, Central! give me Heaven! (This
club of ours, I trow,
Is near enough to 'Heaven' for a mortal
here below.)
Just tell me, is the President all ready for
his cue
To start the talent flowing—while I am
passing through?

"I just reached town this morning and now I'm outward
bound;
I'm waiting at the grating like a 'purp' that's in the pound.
Yes, I'm waiting with a heart-ache—I don't mind telling
you—
Sick with longing to be with you—instead of passing
through.

"I know just what they're doing. I can hear the old
gong ring.
The toastmaster is asking now some angel fair to sing.
I wonder who the Guests of Honor are, and what
they'll do
While gathered 'round the festive board—as I am pass-
ing through?

"Hello! are these the Pleiads? Well, before I take
my leave,
I wish to say I envy you this pleasant Sunday eve!
Here's hoping that I'll see you all before you say adieu
To the season on the circle. So long! I'm passing
through."

Springtime Again!

by S. Frances Herschel.

Illustration by W. D. Stevens.



P from the Southland the sweet Spring is
stealing;

Up by the brooksides and over the
fields!

Valiant old Winter goes scuttling before
her;

Force which has ruled us reluctantly yields.

Where is Spring's pathway? 'Tis everywhere round us!

Over the hillsides and over the plains.

Kist is the broad old Earth back unto Life, until

Never a vestige of Winter remains.

Isn't there ever a corner forgotten,

Far to the eastward or far to the west?

Some lonely hillside or coarse little meadow,

Some quiet woodland away from the rest?

Never a hillside or valley forgotten;

No little corner unkist by the Spring;

Each little bush has been touched and awakened,

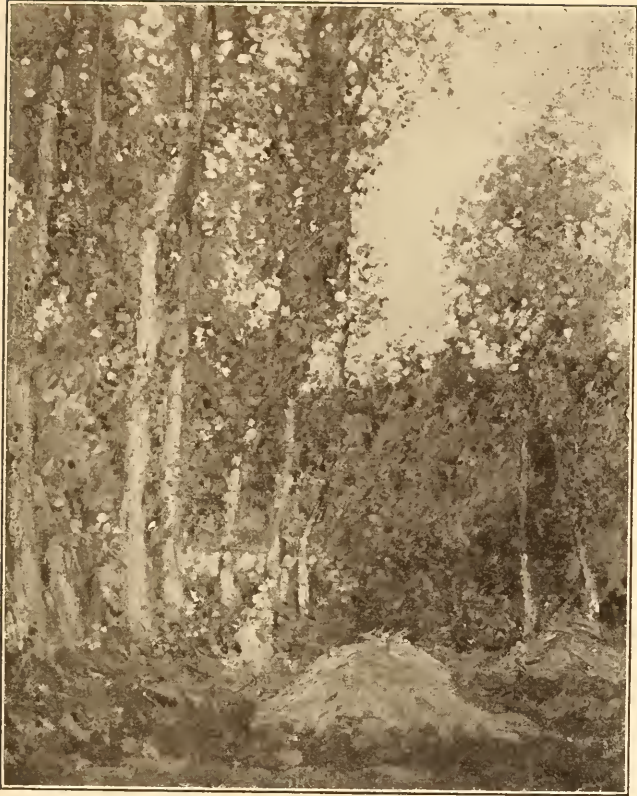
Each little robin is trying to sing.

In through the depths of the woodland she's stealing,

Seeking and finding each little live thing,

Waiting so surely the thrill of her coming—

Joy universal—the Coming of Spring!



"Springtime Again!"

From the Fulness of the Heart

by William J. Lampton.



OOD God,

What is our living?

What is our thought and deed?

Have we, professed believers,

No substance for our creed?

Belief is ours, and mighty,

They tell us, faith is, yet

The things we seem to live for

Have made us all forget.

And love of wealth and station

Shines bright above the goal

That we have set for gaining

At sacrifice of soul.

Oh, God,

How vast the distance

Between the earth and sky,

Between man and his Maker

Is measured by that cry!

The hollow vault of silence

Rounds o'er us and we stare

From the Fulness of the Heart

Up through the depths and wonder
If echo answers prayer.
So far as Strength from Weakness,
So far is Day from Night;
Faith stumbles in its groping
Through Darkness toward the Light.

By God
We shall do better;
Be better, we must rise
Above the low horizon
Of selfish enterprise;
Be men and women, truly,
As we were made to be,
With souls for high ideals
And hearts of bravery
To lead us to the summits
Above the sordid strife
That make mankind forgetful
Of what is best in life:
To lead us to the summits
Of spirit and of mind,
Where man, close to his Maker,
Comes closer to his kind.

The Wanderer

by *Francesca di Maria Spaulding.*

Illustration by Henry Raleigh.



He comes from a country where setting sun
Proclaims that the day and its work are
done;

Where moon and stars shed the only light
On trails that are hushed and dim by night.

He wanders alone in the crowded town
Where skies are forgotten when night comes down,
Where torches alight in traffic's name
May broider the streets with threads of flame,
May blazon the walls in strange designs,
May rive the darkness with flashing signs,
But quench the beam from each torch in the sky
As well as the soul of each passer-by.

Aweary at heart of the careless throng
He drifted and reveled with all too long;
He yearns for the stillness of field and hill,
For the melodic sound of a wild bird's trill,
For the infinite heights of starry skies,
When the moon makes the world seem paradise.

But he ne'er returns, and up and down
He wanders—alone—in the crowded town.

*you are now so wonderfully
much of Maria Spaulding*



*"He yearns for the stillness of field and hill,
For the melodic sound of a wild bird's trill."*

The Answered Call

by George Elliott Cooley.



TAR-DUST awhirl in a vortex,
The infinite moving through all;
Called to the soul of the atoms;
And the Pleiades answered the call!

Thus on the earth when our souls thrill,
We gather in groups at the call;
It's yearning for love that impels us,
It's the Infinite moving through all.

TRUE TRANSMUTATION

In this world there are people scrambling for coin;
There are others, we know, who are seeking for fame.
All will-o'-the-wispers seem eager to join
In this harassing, harrowing, hectoring game.
But missing Dame Fortune, they sit down and moan,
And oft grumble because through their fingers she flits:
They should dig for the tramp's philosopher's stone:
"I can't git what I wants, so I take what I gits."



Drawn by Charles W. Kahles.

The Annual Dinner.

Hallroumania, or The Boarderland

by *Irvin S. Cobb.*

Illustration by O. Cesare.



THE Boarderland is a drear domain bounded on the north by top-floor bedrooms, lying above the frost-line, because the steam register always gets discouraged and quits one story below. It is bounded on the south by basement dining-rooms, where it is night six months a year and just before daylight the rest of the time; on the east by an entrance hall agreeably perfumed with the combined aroma of kerosene, mother-of-onion, veteran linoleum and the stuffing in the red-plush sofa, and on the west by a parlor nine feet wide and thirty-two feet long, with one window in it and a doctor's sign in the window. The doctor's private office lies just back of the parlor, so the parlor smells mildewed when the connecting door is closed and iodoformed when it's open.

Boarders, as the natives of this land are commonly called, are never allowed in the parlor except once, that occasion being when they first apply for board. Thereafter they entertain their company on the front stoop in the summer and on the telephone in the winter. Winter company is the more expensive.



"Thereafter they entertain their company on the front stoop."

The ruling classes of Hallroumania are known as Landladies and may be classed generally into the following subdivisions: Landladies who belong to Old Southern Families and formerly rode in Their Own Carriages, but suffered Heavy Financial Reverses through the Cruel War brought on By Your Mister Lincoln; Landladies who never married and don't regret it; Landladies who did marry and frequently regret it; Landladies who have no use for husbands, and Landladies who have husbands and use them to take the dog out.

The inhabitants are indeed a weird race, including unrecognized geniuses, earnest hoppers, chronic grouches, back files and innocent bystanders; also single gentlemen who are believed to have had what is known as A PAST, and who are suspected of leading the dissipated life because they come in of an evening with the odor of rum and Business Men's Lunch on their breath; also young women of undoubted dramatic power, who won the first prize for elocution at the Rome Centre School of Expression and came on two winters ago to put Julia Marlowe out of the business, but are being kept back temporarily owing to a jealous compact on the part of the theatrical syndicate; also other young women who think they are entitled to bird-like notes because they had the thrush once, and were sent here at heavy expense by fond parents who imagine New York as a place full of tal-

ented voice-plumbers who know how to weld Nellie Melba pipes on a Ruth Ann larynx; also single ladies who spend part of the time drying handkerchiefs on the window-panes and doing light laundry work in a toothbrush-mug, and the rest of the time making life brighter and sweeter for a pug dog with the asthma.

Also dashing gents connected with leading brokerage offices downtown, who wear priceless marquise rings on the little finger of the right hand, and go secretly away at night owing for two weeks; also persons of both sexes who have been misunderstood by the world and crave A Little Sympathy—that is all; also ladies who are constantly on the verge of moving to a perfectly delightful place up in Ninety-third Street because a fur-bearing foreigner has opened a Pants-Pressery next door and the neighborhood is rapidly losing its tone; also, just plain boarders.

A boarder is often likened to a worm. And this is a proper comparison if it is a tapeworm that is meant, because a tapeworm always knows in advance what it is going to have for dinner, and so does a boarder. For instance, he knows that on Monday night he will have a New England boiled dinner that tastes like the family wash on Friday night, one gill and part of the dorsal fin of a boiled fish, and on Sunday evening that nourishing repast known as cold Sunday-night tea.

This cold tea is probably the most noted of the established institutions of Hallroumania, being constituted as follows: A dank cold platter, veneered at rare intervals with specimens of the Old Red Corned-Beef Period of Geology, cut to the generous thickness of gold leaf; a peculiar variety of potato-salad, in a free state of perspiration and garnished at intervals with slices of pickled beets, like a few red chips strewn on the kitty; four small squares of petrified pastry (not suitable for food, but could be given to hardy children to cut their teeth on); a prune-floater, bloated up and nine days drowned in its own juice; a cup of ostensible tea.

The common recreations of The Boarderland are rushing the washstand-duck in a dress-suit case; wondering how the other boarders can afford the clothes they wear; progressive knocking and raising scandals from the slip. The prevalent disease is Furnished Rheumatism, brought on by living in a single-breasted apartment, and is marked by a cramped, choking sensation, the symptoms being almost identical with those of Harlem Flatulency.



Drawn by Henry Reuterdaahl.

"THE FIGHT OF TO-MORROW"

From a painting on the wardroom bulkhead of the
Battleship "New Jersey."

L e s Y e u x

by *Jeffie Forbush-Hanaford.*

Illustration by Thomas Fogarty.



IRST I loved two eyes of black—

Two fascinating eyes of black!

They glanced at me and won my heart

Till of my life they seemed a part,

And I their willing captive;

But black eyes can so treacherous be,

That even while they smiled, you see

They tried to break the heart of me.

Then I loved two eyes of gray—

Two limpid eyes of gray!

“Love!”—cruel word—I smile in scorn;

Soon I was left alone, forlorn,

For when I told my love's deep passion

Gray eyes smiled in careless fashion—

No love for me they ever knew,

So I left them for two eyes of blue.



"Gray eyes smiled in careless fashion."

Two eyes of sunny, heavenly blue—
Two beautiful eyes of blue!
They gave me a tender glance so sweet,
I felt my happiness was complete
And their light was warm and true;
But when at last my mistake I found,
I fell in love with eyes of brown—
Two glorious eyes of brown.

Bright eyes! Brown eyes of beauty rare,
No other eyes with you compare!
Glancing from under lids drooped down,
Sparkling eyes of dusky brown.
Can I but win you, I'll ask no more:
All my life I'll worship—adore;
Live for you, work for you—always content—
If only, dear brown eyes, you'll consent!



Drawn by Alexander Popini.

"The Pleiades Girl."

H e r a n d M e

by Paul West.



ER locks were the glow
Of a dollar or so,
Her height it was few if not less;
Her eyes were as gray
As the end of the play,
And she wore, so they told me, a dress.

So I said, as I came,
"If you'll whisper your name
I'll reply, though I'm tempted to laugh."
But she said, "Let me see—
More and F equals three,
Which, when added, is him and a half."

"Are you certain?" I cried,
As I breasted the tide.
"If I do," she insisted, "say no."
Whereupon with a frown
I invited them down,
For it never grows well in the snow.

There were more, I've no doubt,
But I never found out,
For the cook sent the grocer away;
But I cannot forget
That she wrote, "Do not fret,"
Though her uncle advised me to pay.

So I sit all alone,
Writing things on a stone
With a pen dipped in beeswax and lard;
Which I know I shall be
When she comes back to me,
Though at present it's dreadfully hard.



Drawn by F. B. Masters.

T h e V e r d i c t

by *Charlotte B. Scott.*

Illustration by Karl Hassmann.



WHAT is most important? The rich man
says, "Wealth!"

The sick man cries feebly, "Ah, no! it
is 'Health!'"

Inventor and poet contend it is "Fame";
The worldly want "Titles" prefixed to
their name.

The preacher chants solemnly, "It is the 'Soul!'"
Ambition says, "Power and Place" is man's goal;
"'Tis 'Pleasure' we seek!" laughs the crown-sceptre
throng,

"The world to amuse us—Wine, Woman and Song!"

What is most important? "'Tis 'Love!'" cries the lover;
"No!" frowns the physician, "'Tis but to discover
Some polysyllabical lotion for Pain—
New ways to cheat Death and new Honors to gain!"
"All false!" claims the scientist, "Pain may be drowned,
Love, Pleasure, Fame, missed, but the 'Truth' must be
found!"

L'ENVOI.

Since no one can tell you What Is nor the Whys—
Since even the scientists but theorize,
Then, truly, the thing most important to do
Is the thing most important and pleasing to you.



"Ambition says, 'Power and Place' is man's goal."

A f f a i r e d ' A m o u r

by Harry Johnson.

Illustration by E. H. Mincer.



HREE-POINTED crescent—laughter-lov-
ing moon,

Thou Regent of the Pleiadesian skies,
I'll mock thee if thy waning comes too
soon,

Yet toast thy beauty ere its glory dies.

This Night bewitched me, and the friendly throng

Was sharper, clearer, with its merry jest.

Like one inspired, I rippled into song,

Feeling love's loveliness was love's behest.

All hearts responded;—still the echoes ring

In jolly welcome to my joyous song;

Oh, human harp! If love but touch the string,

Adieu to discord, dissonance and wrong!

Nay, one was mute—one only; but his eyes,

Brimmed to the lashes with sweet, wistful tears—

So, lovely crescent, as thy beauty dies,

I quaff to thee, to him—the cup that cheers.



*"Three-pointed crescent—laughter-loving moon,
Thou Regent of the Pleiadesian skies,
I'll mock thee if thy waning comes too soon,
Yet toast thy beauty ere its glory dies."*

John L. ...

San 16 / 1910

Andrew ...

Isabel Hackley

Emily
Albion
William ...

Marietta O'Leary
W. L. Cockburn

Samuel ...

Laura ...
F. L. ...

Melvin ...

FRANK A. NANKIVILL

1910

Incipient ...



Pleiades Club Officers, 1909-1910.

Theresa Bromberg

Rosell Roth

"Canst thou bind the sweet
influences of Pleiades, or
loose the bands of Orion?"

Job 38-31.

Ben. Johnson
1910

Mariska Reich

Hilfred
Zahn

Holland
Good

Theresa Goulet

Refus Fairchild
Le Tecktonia
Prince De Pasquale

Mr. Walter Childs
Lester

Miss
Hattie
Spence

Gale — The

Frank. Ober.

Josephine Rabb.

Printed
and Bound by
The Reliance
Printing Co.
New York
N. Y.



Book Designed by
R. S. Ament





UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 337 241 4

